CHAPTER VII .- (Continued.) Mr. Marlowe instinctively took up a long, round book-keeper's ruler, of heavy ebony, that was lying within convenient

reach, and listened intently.

The steps paused at the end of the hall. There was heard the opening of the back door communicating with the bank, more footsteps crossing the narrow passage directly outside the partition, and then, as the door itself opened, a stranger

He was a rather poorly dressed man, who might have been a seafarer, and he looked at the banker rather curiously from under the brim of a slouch hat, which he did not take the trouble to re-

"Who the deuce are you?" was his first outburst. "And what do you mean by meaking into my house at this hour?"

I have business with you," was the Business—at nine o'clock at night? Come, give an account of yourself, and be quick about it! Wasn't the gate locked, as wail as the street door?"

Of course; but I have keys for both."
Impossible! Or you must be a thief, Ha! skeleton keys!"

No, no; good, honest, rightful keys, and I have carried them for more than eighteen years. Look at me well, Gilbert Marlowe, and say that you do not recognize me if you dare!"

He reached back his hand, closing the

door behind him, and then slowly removed Gilbert Marlowe uttered a hoarse, as-

tounded cry. The ruler dropped from his nerveless hand into the mass of huddled papers on the table, and he reeled back against the money-vault, where he partly crouched, shivering, pale, panting, while gazing upon his visitor with start-

ing eyes.

"Can the earth give up its dead?" he
managed to articulate. "Jasper—Jasper
Marlowe! No. no; it cannot be!" "But it certainly is, though," coolly ob-served the intruder, seating himself at the round table. "It's me, and no one else

round table. "It's me, and no one else but me, and alive and kicking at that. All for the obvious reason that I have never been dead, or otherwise than alive and kicking."

Gilbert Marlowe was bad, but no cow-ard, and we have seen that he was a man of powerful resolution. With his first reeling sense of the supernatural dissipated, in a measure, by these matter-of-fact words, Gilbert Marlowe slowly straightened himself up, and clasped his hands for an instant over his face and syes. When he removed them his visor was down, the helmet of his self-possession reassumed.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, with his harsh laugh. "I have been superstitious from boyhood, I am ashamed to say; there is just the ghost of a resemblance between you and my dead cousin, Jasper; and—and—well you asserted that miserable fiction so solemnly by your manner that I really was fool enough to take momentary stock in it."
"But I am Jasper Marlowe, and you

know it," said the other. "Ye', you do; that iron mask with which you are ac-customed to hide your emotions has thickened and hardened with the years, but I can penetrate it, as of old. You

recognize me; I know you do."
"By heaven! I do not;" and Gilbert advanced, threateningly. "Curse your imvanced, threateningly. "Curse your impudence! get out of this house-make tracks at once, or I'll have you hurled into prison.

The stranger was a slender man, ap parently not in rugged health, notwithstanding that his bearded face was brouzed and his hands calloused and tanned, as though from many seasons of rough work, but he was not in the least daunted by the banker's tone and man-

"Come, I should like nothing a laugh. better, as a preliminary. We shall see if a justice of the peace will be as incredulons as you are, or as you pretend to be."
What do you come here for, anyway?"

"First, to demand my rights—the money of which you defrauded me. Next, to learn the whereabouts of my wife, if she

be still alive."
"Come, the sublimity of your assurance, in thus parading in a dead man's shoes, interests me—I'll consent to talk with you. Supposing, for the joking instant, that you are Jasper Marlowe, are you not rather dilatory in demanding your rights,

as you call them, after eighteen years of Yes; but my health is at last permanently breaking-I am out-wearied and out-worn with fortune's abuse."

"Ha! the ordinary adventurer's plea.
Well, still in this hilarious suppobe. I would be compelled to inform you first, that you have neither rights 'nor money to demand of me. Secondly, that I know nothing of your wife's whereabouts; that she disappeared from this neighborhood soon after the death of her little her Cuthart little boy, Cuthbert-which occured in less than a year after her husband's cruel and cowardly abandonment of both wife and child; and that I have never seen or

'I have for year been aware of our boy's death," said the stranger, not without emotion. "But I was in hopes of finding some traces of Isabel. You must know of her whereabouts.'

heard of her since.

I tell you, I do not. I could not inform you, were you really Jasper Mar-lowe, which you are not. He died; he was drowned, and his body identified nearly seventeen years ago. I have

proofs in abundance."
"You cannot have. It is false."
"Wait, you rascal! I will be yet more

condescending."
The banker drew from his pocket the key of a combination-lock, and, disappearing around the angle of the great money-vault into the narrow passage on which it fronted, was heard to unlock and open the massive doors. When he re-turned he had in his hands some old newspapers and some manuscripts, yel-lowed and dusty.

You are, perhaps, secretly marveling at my combined patience with you," said he, slowly opening the papers and seating himself at the table, so that the rela-

tive positions of the two men were similar to those occupied by the banker and Boncourt several hours previously—that is, the stranger with his back to the office door, the banker facing him and the round edge of the table partly sepa-No, I am not," said the other.

don't wonder at it all. You can't help

But I am not essentially proud or severe," with an off-baud gesture, as though he had not been replied to. "You may smile, but leniency and mildness are my predominating traits. Here are the printed reports of Jasper Marlowe's death by drowning off Cape Disappoint-ment. His dead body was subsequently found and identified. These reports were the first intimation of the miserable event to his wife and myself."
"What! and she, too, believed me dead?

But I can explain it all.' Softly. These printed reports were not enough for me. I dispatched an agent with instructions to make a rigid per-sonal examination. This was done. Everything was confirmed. These mannscript pages are the agent's sworn state-ment. Perhaps you would like to look

It is not necessary. As for the newspaents, I read them long ago. error in a few words.

Marlowe leaned back, with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

CHAPTER VIII. A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

"That I am Jasper Marlowe, whom you have so long supposed dead, you will presently acknowledge," said the banker's visitor. "I did not at first change my name, after fleeing from family and native land, at your special urgency. I did not deem it necessary. But, shortly after reaching San Francisco, my fears of a pursuit were renewed and intensified. I ad made the acquaintance of a rough fellow - part sailor, part desperado named Hob Bently, while on the voyage. For a slight consideration he gladly consented to exchange names with me without questioning my intention. He deemed my name an aristocratic one, was vain of he permission to assume it, and during the time we remained in San Francisc ne aired it everywhere he went, and formed new acquaintances under it. I did the same with his name. Thus we became generally identified with our false appellatives. Only once did I reveal my true name, and then to a man who shortly after quitted the coast, never to return, so far as my knowledge goes."
"Indeed!" sarcastically interposed the

banker, but with a secret increase of anxiety. "And to whom may that have been?"
"To a gambler—a finished sporting character of the name of Alphonse Boncourt," continued the narrator; and then, without noticing his hearer's surprised start, he went on, "I first met him at a horse-race. Some desperadoes surrounded and threatened me with their revolvers drawn. He extricated me by his coolness and courage. It was a signal service, but I did not then reveal my true name. That revelation was made afterward, when he kindly visited me at the hospital, where I

was lying low with a fever-in fact, not expected to recover.

"He not only gave me money, but was also the first to offer some confidences. He had just secured for his sister-a mere child, but whose rare beauty was the won-der of the town—a legal divorce from a worthless Englishman who had induced her to marry him. Then, just before his visiting me, her little child had been lost,

or stolen; the young mother was distracted, and her brother was spending money ed, and her brother was spending money like water in every direction, but without success, to recover the boy. "These matters comprised the nature of his confidences in me. He told me of the birthmarks on the child, by which he might be identified, and the like. In return, for I believed myself on the point of death, I told him my real name and bistory. He laughed at me, called me a a weak, timorous dolt, and advised me, in case of recovery, to hasten home and expose the real story of the forgery. I did recover, but was still too cowardly to act

and I never saw him again."

Gilbert Marlowe burst into a harsh discordant laugh, which, however, could not wholly disguis: his excitement. He had recognized this man as his cousin from the first, and he resolved to persist in the policy of pretending to ignore him. But the story that was being unfolded was so plausible, and the fidelity with which it coincided with Boncourt's statements, began to give him fresh alarm. However, the opportunity was presented for him to discover whether or not he was really int Boncourt's power; and this he deemed a great point. Better have one enemy than two-better, a thousand fold, have to deal with this poor, still feeble, and apparently helpless, returned wan-derer, than with the wide-awake, pene-

upon his advice. He quitted me at last,

trative, self-poised brother of Adele! "Ha, ha!" laughed the banker. "It is astonishing how one can become interested in a sheer fabrication. But come; I'll still humor you. So you told your ro-mantic story to this Goncourt?" "Boncourt.

"So. And I suppose you were, likewise, soft enough to give him tangible proofs of its correctness?"

"No, I wasn't."

"What! Your strength of mind must have been exceptional. You gave him nothing at all in your gushing exposition of your imaginary wrongs? No written or signed paper, for instance, altogether exculpating you? "I was not such a fool. I told him of

my possessing such proof, but gave him

The banker was straightway immensely relieved. The man before him might, even at that moment, have the dreaded paper on his person; but he alone was to be bought off, or otherwise silenced, instead of the dangerous Boncourt. Come what might, the latter might be safely

"Go on with your yarn if you intend spinning it out," said Mr. Marlowe, con-cealing his satisfaction, and yawning, with pretended weariness. "I've said I would hear it, and I never go back on my word. But," with a glance at the clock, "it's a quarter past nine already; there are visitors in the garden, and we may be interrupted at any moment."
"Oh, I shan't particularly beed an in-

terruption for my part," was the collected reply; and then the story went on:
"There isn't a great?" more to tell. "There isn't a great ?

I recovered my health, as I said. Then I joined the company of adventurers that were just setting out for the new discoveries at Puget Sound. The vulgar bearer of my name was of the party. Our schooner foundered at sea off Cape Disappointment.
One man alone was saved, and that

was I. I floated about all night, clinging to a hen-coop; was picked up by a whaler bound from Vancouver's Island to Honolulu, and remained as one of the crew for two years. "The rest of my story can be of no in-

terest to you, at least for the present, save that I have continued to bear my false name up to this hour. "Hob Bently, the bearer of my name,

was among the unfortunates, whose bodies were cast up on the rocks. His body was identified, in good faith, as mine, by the prospectors who chanced to be in the neighborhood, and some of whom he had made the acquaintance of in San Francisco, of course, under my name. That is all."

Gilbert Marlowe laughed again, and in a more natural and assured tone,
"Scoundrel as you unquestionably are,
you posses some talent," said he, "And do you expect me to believe your highly colored, but preposterous story?"

"You already believe it; you cannot dupe me as you used to do," was the firm rejoinder. "Take care that you do not dupe yourself, instead, Gilbert Marlowe. Others—others who perhaps have little love for you-can be found to recognize

me, and credit my statezients."
"I don't believe it. What proofs can

"Oh, Cousin Gilbert!" cried the claiment, with sudden gentleness, "Do you force me to my proofs, but be just, be generous. Think of how you influenced me to abandon wife, and child, and country; think of my years of painful precarious exile; think of how long and uncomplainingly I have borne the foul stigms of a guilt that belongs to you, to you alone!"

Silence-hold your tongue, ruffiau! But you're a madman. I don't know what you are talking about."

"Don't you, indeed?" cried the other, with sudden indignation. "Then it becomes not revive your recollections. You know best, perhaps, whether or not you forged Thomas Alworth's signature to a draft calling for everything he was worth. Whether or not you then disgu sed yourself as a countryman, and abstracted from Lawyer Croak's desk, with his full connivance, the letter of introduction designed for Alworth, whether or no!, thus armed, you hastened to London in advance of him, and thus, secur ng your identification by a reputable man, managed to draw the entire eighteen thousand pounds without detection or delay. And whether or not, you made your way back home in your proper per-son-after secretly shedding your dis-

guise in the dressing-room of a railway station on the way back—there to de-posit your plunder with old Croak, until such time as you could conveniently bor-row it again for investment in your busi-ness, with the lawyer himself as a silent partaker of the profits, as hush-money!' "Measureless liar!" exclaimed Gilbert

gritting his teeth and clinching his hands. Would you dare-" "Be quiet and let me talk. Turn and turn about is fair play. These items of real history, in sequence, have come to me through reflection during my years of exile. I confess they did years of exile. not occur to me at first. But you will acknowledge that my name, before my insane flight abroad, was not dreamed of

in connection with the forgery.
"I will not dwell on the arts and arguments by which I permitted you to persunde me that appearances would array themselves against me—that, if I did not fly, I should surely be suspected, arrested, tried upon the charge, and convicted, in spite of my innocence and my atter ig-norance of the disposition that had been made of the stolen funds.

"No; such a review of my pusillanimity, my cowardice, my feeble surrender to your powerful will, I willingly forego. But years of reflection and privation have, thank heaven! made another man of me. I am no longer the contemptible nature, the putty image that was but as wax in your molding grasp. But even this

was not enough.

"Even after having been thus, in a measure, persuaded, I still refused to fly. What did you resort to? I loved my wife, I adored my child. You undertook to prove that the former was unworthy of my confidence—that I would sacrifice nothing in abandoning her."

"Was she not so proven?"
"I doubt it, though I was mad enough to believe it then. You took me to a win-dow secretly overlooking and within earshot of an interview which she was holding in our garden with a man-with a stranger to me. Their relative attitudes betokened intimate acquaintanceship, no more, but myawakening jealousy invested the rendezvous with an unjustifiable significance. I likewise overheard her companion teseech her for money, and then thought I heard her promise to try to pro-cure some from me for his benefit. I have since thought that he might have been some dissipated or needy relative of hers, seeking her assistance out of some entan-glement. She had such relatives, who were personally unknown to me; and six words of explanation from her, if frankly requestof explanation from her, if trainly request-ed, might have cleared up all. But this is irrelevant now. You have se-cured your infamous end. Then I believed in her unworthiness of confidence-I believed she had ceased to care for me-the very thought of our child became temporarily hateful to me. I consented to bear the stain of your guilt-to go far away, never to return, on the receipt of sir hundred pounds from you, toge her with your written promise to send me, at the end of one year, five thousand more, in full, for my interest in the bank here. Well, hard-pressed at you were, you raised for me the firstmentioned amount on that very day. You had not the cash yourself; but poor, misused, plundered old Alworth still had the required amount in yonder about vault. You appropriated it, covering up the transaction by a series of false entries against his account, and gave me

'Tis false! This is monstrous!" "Softly, softly, as you yourself en-joined but a short while ago! There is still more. Having got the money—having proceeded thus far in your toils-I hesitated again. I wanted a better guaranty for the future. I still refused to flee, without a written acknowledgment on your part of my total innocence and of your guilt, by implication, which 1, on my part, agreed on oath never to make public, save in self-protection from an unjust prosecution for the crime. At your best, you would never have placed such an instrument in my hands. But your fears were thickening around you. It was absolutely necessary that my flight should divert suspicion from yourself; continued delay was dangerous. In your desperation, you wrote out and signed the paper I had demanded. Fool! Do you prate of proofs? That paper

possession."
"False, false, false!" repeated the banker, hoarsely, and his outstretched hand just then coming in contact with the heavy ebony ruler, that had fallen amid the litter of the table at the beginning of the interview, his grasp instinc-tively closed upon it. "There is no such

daper in existence."
"See, villain, it is here!" cried the other, and, slightly stooping forward, he drew from his besom an oilskin, out of which he produced a folded document somewhat soiled and discolored, though otherwise fairly preserved. "Here!" he cried, unfolding and flaunting the paper in the banker's f. ce. "Behold the proof in your own writing, over your own sig-nature! Read it, if you still doubt, and

He was interrupted by the heavy rales descending on his head with crushing force, and without another word, without groan, he fell to the floor like a log. Gilbert Marlowe snatched the paper

and then hastily examined the fuller

man.
"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "The list of
my misdeeds is complete! I am a murderer!

CHAPTER IX. A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

At that terrible instant, the street door was heard to noisily open, and there was the sound of Noel's familiar footstep passing through the hall.

"He is coming in here—I shall be de-tected—what shall I do?" gasped Mr. Marlowe, in a perfect agony of trepidation. Then, thinking no more of the precious document which he had merely glanced at sufficiently to identify with his hand-writing and signature—solely engrossed

with the wild fluttering instinct to conceal the yet greater crime-he thoughtlessly tossed the paper on the table, and, lifting the prostrate form in his arms, hastened with it around the angle of the vault, just as he heard the opening of the outer door communicating with the hall, He then heard Noel come into the office, and at that moneant he flung his unconscious burden far into the interior of the dark, spacious vault, and began closing and locking the great doors, with

considerable noise. "Are you there, father?" called out the young man.
"Yes," replied the banker, without com-

ing into view, and mastering the tremo's in his voice by a great effort. "Have they gone yet?" 'No; but I've got the newspaper I was

coking for, and they will be going, as scon as I read Adele something out of it.
You will be there to say good-night?" Yes; I will come presently.' Then, to Marlowe's great relief, he heard the young man take himself off.
Satisfied that the vault would preserve his secret till he could make a securer disposition of it, Gilbert Marlowe came

out from the narrow passage.

The horrible thought of having committed a murder still controlled him, to the exclusion of every other. Panting, breathless, as though from hard running, palpitating in every fiber, and with the sweat standing in beads on his forchead, he sank listlessly in the chair he had occupied before, and looked straight before

him, with a dull, dazed feeling of horror. "A murderer! What! I, Gilbert Marlowe, with the red, indelible brand of Cain henceforth upon my soul forever more? Yes, yes! He was sitting right there when I struck him down-his body fell with the peculiar dead weight of a falling corpse-I think I heard the skull orack and splinter beneath the blow-I felt of his heart but for an instant, but that was enough—it had ceased to beat? Oh. horrible, awful truth!"

His disjointed mutterings gradually ceased, and he remained for some moments plunged in a species of apathy.

However, the iron nerve and resolution of the man were not long in reasserting themselves. He presently looked up, with something like his customary alertness, and his face began to recover its

"Ha! what's done can't be undone, in a matter of this sort," he thought. "The deuce! what have I to regret, after all? There was no living witness to this deed. To-morrow, being Sunday, will give me a whole day and a night to dispose of the body; and my victim, having just re-turned from his long exile, unknown, friendless, and under an assumed name, is the last one in the world to be missed, or leave a noticeable vacancy behind him

"'Sdeath! an ugly affair of this kind could not have turned out more fortunately for the perpetrator. haven't I got back that paper, whose pub-licity might have transported me? Am I not rid of both Jasper and Boncourt at one stroke? Why, I ought to congratu-late myself! By the way, what did I do with the document? Ah, yes; in my excitement I threw it here on the table in picking up the dead body, on Noel's approach. Let me see, let me see; it must be destroyed at once."

But a moment later he was wildly rum-

maging over various articles on the littered table, with as much excitement as

The document was nowhere to be found! Nothing had fallen to the floor, and he carefully examined every other paper and fragment of paper on the table, inside and out, but without avail. He grew bewildered-frantic. No use. The paper -the all-significant, tell-tale, crime-betraying paper, which he had just snatched from a pulseless hand—for the posses-sion of which he had just stricken a dastardly and murderous stroke—that paper was missing and could not be found!

Heavens and earth! what can have become of it?" he gasped. "I know I placed it there—I'd swear to it! Could Noel have taken it up and read it? No; impossible! His voice, as he spoke to me, was affectionate and gentle. It must be here—it can be nowhere else!" But a fresh examination was no more

successful. By another great effort, Mr. Marlowe quelled this new excitement. He looked at the clock, which marked a few minutes

"I'll have to say good-night to Adele and her brother," he muttered, quitting the bank and locking the door after him. "I can return and make another search before going to bed."

He passed through the hall and was taking his hat from the rack when he heard some one descending the stairs. To his surprise he saw that it was Lawyer Croak.

"Where the dence have you been, up there?" he exclaimed, gruffly. "And why did you slip away from us?" "My dear Gilbert," said Mr. Croak, genially, "I merely slipped away because I wanted to confer with my old and dear friend. Thomas Alworth, on a delicate,

may say on a de-lightful subject. And I have been 'up there,' even unto this late hour, because I have been taking tea and spending the evening with that dear, good gentleman and his charming daugh-ter. Ah! what an adorable child it is! Marlowe pondered as as to whether or not he should inform Croak of what had happened, and concluded to keep his own

"You are progressing better than I anticipated," he muttered, opening the

Adele, her brother, and Captain Rollingstone were just taking their depart-ure, and at the same time the servants were returning from their outing.

Mr. Marlowe spoke some commonplaces in the way of excusing his inattention to his guests, and gloomily thought of how he might aiready have begun his intimations of defiance to Boncourt, but for that odd incident of the missing paper, whose disappearance had, of cours newed his sense of alarm and insecurity in all its force.

He knew that the missing paper was

not concealed upon the body, and that disposed of all present consideration of the latter. He was equally certain that it had not been taken by Noel, when the young man had come back after the misid newspaper; for a glance or two at the contents of the writing would have filled him with abhorrence, and Noel had wished his father good-night, in passing up the stairs, with his customary kindness. Completely fagged out at last, physically and mentally, the banker turned out the gas, and sought his own bed, after looking to the inner fastenings of the bank, and locking the back door after

But it was not to find repose or relief. For hours he tossed upon his couch in painful restlessness, and only fell into troubled sleep at last, to dream of mur-

dered men and missing papers.

At last he dreamed that a police officer was clutching him by the collar, and bellowing the charge of forgery and murder into his ears; and he started out of his sleep with a gasping cry; but only to find it broad daylight, and to hear Miss Winford knocking on his door, to call him up for breakfast.

ITO BE CONTENUED.

## The Food Value of Wheat.

When wheat is low and corn high, says L. B. Pierce, there is often a narrow margin between the two. If the wheat is of poor quality, or for any reason grades low, the difference is still less, and when to this is added the price of grinding the corn, or the miller's profit on wheat offal, some farmers figure that it is poor economy to sell wheat and buy feed. Why not feed the wheat? they ask, and some do. This would be sound reasoning were the feeding value the same. I know nothing of the physiology or chemistry of the matter, but it is the testimony of those who have tried that wheat has not a feeding value equal to its price. A friend bought 900 bushels of wheat from a burned elevator to feed to hogs. It was but slightly damaged, yet the result was such that he said he would rather have wheat offal, ton for ton, than whole wheat. If we study the matter from a human diet standpoint, we find that white wheat flour is emphatically the food of brain workers. In spite of all written about graham, cracked wheat, farinose, etc., its use does not increase as fast as the population. The higher the civilization the greater the demand for the finest flour. Between the products of the inside and the outside of wheat there is a great gulf, and this divides the human race from the domestic animals .- New York Tribune.

Greeting the New Moon in Fift.

In Colo, the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group, the natives have a very curious method of greeting the new moon. On seeing the thin crescent rising above the hills they salute it with a prolonged "Ah!" at the same time quickly rapping on their open mouths with their left hands, thus producing a rapid vibratory sound. An old chief, when asked regarding the meaning and origin of this curious custom said: "We always look and hunt for the moon in the sky, and when it comes we do as you see to show our pleasure at finding it again. We don't know the meaning of what we do: our fathers always did so."-St. Louis Republic.

Is a man could see himself as others see him he would pull down the blinds. WILD PIGEONS.

HOW THEY ARE TRAPPED NEAR A BREEDING PLACE.

Characteristic Scenes Where Migratory Birds Enjoy Pennsylvania State Protection-Slaughtered Wholesale While Breeding.



spring is nowhere anxiously more awaited than in Bradford, Penn. for to the inhabitants of this picturesque part of Bradford County

it betokens the annual flight of the flocks of wild pigeons that come from the South to settle on the State breeding ground and there hatch out their young. It is now nearly two centuries since the State found that the pigeons which had for centuries visited the same spot each year for breeding purposes were being attacked by sportsmen and slaughtered wholesale while breeding. The State government determined to

prevent this wholesale extermination if possible, and so designated a certain tract of forest just outside of Bradford for a breeding spot for the birds. Laws were passed making it an offence punishable by a fine of \$100 to shoot a gun or set a trap within a mile of this breeding place. This law has been conscientiously enforced, and the pigeon shooting and

trapping is now carried on outside of the limit. It has, owing to the enormous number of pigeons that visit the breeding ground each year, become a business, and a very profitable one, to many of the residents of Bradford and its vicin-

The custom of reserving a certain tract of land for the use of birds during breeding times is still recognized in many other of the Eastern and Southern States.

Many of the old sportsmen have always on hand several live pigeons which they have saved from the slaughter of the preceding season and which they use as decoys to tempt the flocks to their traps. The work of preparation for the annual hunt is begun early in the spring and continues until after the young are

finally settle down on the trap one of the | Youngest Federal Soldier of the Was trappers touches the spring and with a peculiar, whirring noise the two hoops spring into an upright position and the rame is caged.

Then the work of killing and counting the game is all that is left for the trappers to do. One steps up to the trap and with his hand forces a small opening in the trap between the hoops. Inserting his hands he draws out a bird quickly, twists its neck and goes after a second This is kept up until all the birds are caught and killed and then the birds are carried into the "bough house" to be counted and strung. The trap is again



set and the men withdraw to await the

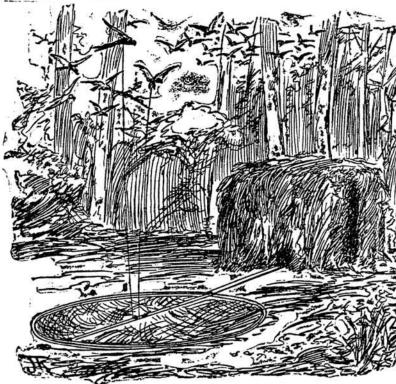
next flock. Receiving an invitation to partake of the pleasures of a pigeon trap during a visit to Bradford, I was conducted to the open space outside the mile limit where the trap had been set. Two men were in the expedition against the birds, and

when everything was in readiness we enered the house. "You watch the trap," said the leader, and I will guide the decoys."

Then he let fly the two birds which were to bring to the net the first flock of pigeons that should arrive in search of a place to nurture their young.

"I captured these two old fellows five years ago," said he, "and have used them ever since, and I have never lost a flock of birds that they have been within hearing distance of."

After waiting five hours for the approach of the expected flock the cry of



BOUGH HOUSE AND TRAP SET.

the parent birds to the south again. The trappers locate on an open piece

of land in the direction of the south from the breeding spot. Here they build a house from the boughs of the neighboring trees. This is called the "bough house," and in it the trappers do all the work of trapping the birds. This house is about four or five feet

top so that the men inside can follow with their eyes a flock of birds and know just when to spring the trap. A large opening is left on one side for entrance hickory are taken to a neighboring to settle in the trap. brook and left for days in the water. When they are in condition for bending they are bent into hoops and fastened forming a hoop the shape of a half barcle. These are fastened down and are fastened to each of the other hoops from point to point. Then these two hoops are laid upon the others and fastened by

hinges and powerful springs to each other. The hoops are covered with a loosely laid on piece of netting, which lays flat on the ground until the trap is sprung, when it completely encloses everything that is inside. A powerful spring which closes the trap is connected with the "bough house," and the men can spring it from the house.

When all is in readiness for the game the men, generally two or three, retire to the house to wait for the appearance of a flock. The men have already set in the centre of the trap two small spools, and have run a small twine from a ball in the house over these spools. To the end of this twine is fastened the decoy. The twine is run through the eyelid of the bird and it is allowed to rise a few feet above the trap. Two birds are generally used with each trap.

Perhaps the men wait for days, haps only a few hours, when in the distance they see the black cloud which betokens the approach of the flock. Now, it is important that the hunter, by means of his decoy, attracts the attention of the leader of the flock before he leads the flock to the breeding ground and the safety to be found there; for if they once reach that haven of safety the trapper can whistle for his pigeon. As they fly nearer and nearer the beat-

ing of the hunter's heart, should he happen to have such a thing, can be plainly heard. He slowly lets out his decoy strings that gave apparent freedom to the birds. Slowly they rise in the air, giving at the same time their peculiar When they have reached a certain ery. When they have reached a certain height the trapper winds up the string and the birds commence to descerd upon the trap. Should the flock be at all inquisitive they are lost, for they slowly wheel about and follow the descending birds until they alight with them on the trap. Now is the time, and as the birds | 600 possible patients.

born and nurtured and able to fly with one of the decoys was heard and then, as we looked out of the house, we could see the flock approaching. The trapper who had charge of the decoys let out the string slowly at first, but faster and faster as the birds rose in the air until finally they were about as high as the flock they were to lead to destruction. The flock passed over the trap and then turned as the cry of the decoys reached high and ten or twelve feet square. them and flew back again. Then, after Openings are left in the sides and on the | sailing back and forth for a few minutes, they finally settled down right over the trap. As the leaders alighted upon the ground the trapper in charge of the decoy had been slowly winding up his ball of and agress. Two long, thin pieces of twine and the decays were about the first

When most of the birds were safely in the trap I heard a sharp crack like the report of a pistol shot and then a fluttersecurely from one end to the other, ing of wings as the poor birds, caught at last, tried to escape through the netrel hoop. Four of these pieces are needed | ting. Then for a few minutes all was for the proper making of the trap. Two activity. The two trappers left the are laid upon the ground, forming a cir- bough house and opening the trap proceeded to kill the pigeons. When dead only used to support the other two they were thrown in a pile to one side pieces. A straight piece of wood is then and later were carried into the bough



nouse to be counted. Hhere were just 226 birds.

Later I visited the State breeding spot and found it a peculiar spot. The trees were literally covered with the birds, every branch having as many as it would hold. The trees are fir and large and strong. All along the limbs are nests on which the mother birds set and warm the eggs until the young are hatched out. The Government does a large business in guano, which is sold to farmers in the neighborhood for fertilizing purposes .- New York Herald.

tle, Washington, to establish there a plant for drying the codfish caught in Alaskan waters, and making Scattle the great distributing point for fish on the Pacific Coast.

There is a proposition on foot in Seat-

Roughly speaking, while in France there is one doctor to every 3000, and in Germany one to every 1500 inhabitants, in the United States there is one to every

There have been many claimants the honor of being the youngest com rade in the Grand Army, but now the Press is enabled to definitely settle to vexed question. Every statement can be proven by both documents and records. The history is very interesting.

James D. Campbell is a comrade of Winchester Post No. 197, of Brooklyn, He was born July 8, 1851, and enlisted as a drummer December 16, 1861, it Company B, 109th Regiment, Penn sylvania Volunteers, for a period of three years. He was at the time ten years, five months and eight days of age. He was large for his age and very apt. besides he could handle the drumsticks to perfection, and this made him a desirable recruit. The regiment was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and young Campbell was with it in every engage, ment from the South Mountain to Gettysburg. For a time he acted mounted orderly for Colonel Stainrook who commanded the brigade up to the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was killed.

After the battle of Gettysburg the Twelfth Army Corps, to which the regi-ment belonged, was consolidated with the Eleventh Army Corps, formerly the Twentieth Corps, which was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland before Atlanta, Ga. After the famous battle here, under General Sherman, the corps



marched to the sea with him, and young

Campbell reached Savannah a few days, after his term of service had expired. He was thereupon honorably discharged. During the entire march through Georgia he kept up with the regiment and regu larly took his rations of sweet potatoes, bacon and Confederate poultry.

Having obtained a taste of a soldier's life and liking it he endeavored to reenlist as a private, but not being of age the mustering officer refused to muster him in. This was one of the greatest disappointments of his life, as he had tired of the drumsticks and wanted to carry a musket, which he claimed to be as able to do as any man in the corper but the officer was immovable, and he came home as he left-a drummer. Although so young the records of the regiment show that he kept up with it in all its marches and was in nearly every battle. When many a strong man was about giving out the "kid" of a drummer was about as lively as a cricket. Since the war he has been a member

of the Grand Army, having joined Lincoln Post No. 3, in Washington, D. C. In 1882 he removed to Brooklyn and was transferred to Winchester Post. For many years Campbell has watched the controversy that has been going on as to the youngest soldier of the war. He has kept notes and finding none to match him, now comes to the front as the youngest of the youngest. The family Bible and also the town records prove the age and the army record the service, all of which appears to settle the question .- New York Press.



First Voice-"Eddie, get up; breakfast is ready." Edward-"Yes'm."



Second Voice (five minutes later)-Edward!" Edward-"Yes, sir."-Puck.

Breakfasts on Hot Water and Celery.

A man who had every appearance of being well fed and in good health sauntered into a fashionable up-town cafe a few mornings ago and, after deliberately, devesting himself of hat, coat and gloves, seated himself in a cozy corner and began reading a newspaper. A polite waiter put a napkin and a glass of water on the table and waited for an order. He must have known his customer, for he waited patiently for nearly ten minutes. Then the deliberate man quietly ordered a cup of hot water. "Have it boiling hot," said he. The hot water was soon brought, and the gentleman sipped it as rapidly as possible. When the cup was empty, he said: "Bring me another one and some celery." The second cup of hot water was sipped more leisurely, and the cating of the celery occupied about half an hour's time, the guest reading his paper meanwhile. When the check was brought it read: Two cups of het water, fifty cents; one portion celery, forty ceats." It was paid without a murmur, and after the man had departed the waiter communicated to a curious observer at the next table the fact that "a good many gentlemen come here and breakfast just that way."-New York Times.

Manager Augustin Daly, of New York City, possesses one of the finest libraries of dramatic works in this country.

A recent census gives Montreal, Canada, a population of 211,302.